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NOVEMBER 18, 1961

OF MANY THINGS

This column has been hitting a negative note these past few weeks. Here, then, are a few items on the positive side.

✓ I like those Salvation Army bands that play carols in mid-December outside department stores . . . ✓ The wonderful face of Pope John XXIII at 80 . . . ✓ John Cogley of the Fund for the Republic . . . ✓ The way Freedom House fights Communists.

✓ I like Boston in the spring, Washington in the fall, San Francisco at any season . . . ✓ Also Segovia, Greenwich Village, Naples and Mitchell, Indiana.

✓ The White Fathers of Africa and the Little Sisters of the Poor . . . ✓ Msgr. John Tracy Ellis and Fr. Robert I. Gannon . . . ✓ Dr. Claud Nelson of the YMCA and NCCJ . . . ✓ Eric Sevareid, Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, Rabbi Louis Finkelstein, Msgr. Alberto Chavez of Taos, New Mexico—and Alec Guinness.

✓ Also, a quiet salute to *The Critic* (published in Chicago), *La Civiltà Cattolica* (Rome), Murray Kempton, James Reston, Msgr. Conway's "Question Box" and Marguerite Higgins' by-line.

✓ Just to keep in trim, a few things I could gladly do without are V. K. Krishna Menon; jet planes for Tito; Birch Society members—especially the California variety; some of the give-offs of the American Civil Liberties Union; cranks who remail grimy, inked-up copies of *Common Sense*; first novels (but how do you rate Thomas Fleming's *All Good Men*?); and people who pronounce "Mass" as though it rhymed with "floss."

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Correspondence

Red Editors Unmasked in Detroit

ERROR: Don't be too cool about those 273 Catholic priest-Communists Mr. Welch sees in the U.S.A. And don't be so aloof about the 14 pro-Red clergy in the far-distant Chicago diocese.

You'd better start watching the padre at the next desk.

One of Mr. Welch's ilk, Major Edgar ("There-Are-Commies-in-Protestant-Pulpits") Bundy recently ripped off his usual thesis in an hour-and-a-half speech in Detroit.

Afterwards he was asked if the Commies had penetrated the Catholic clergy as well.

A flat No, I heard him say—and I quote from my notes—"but they have taken over and put the Catholic name on: *The Catholic Worker, Commonwealth, and AMERICA.*" Now that you think about it, who was responsible for the near-Red ink recently used on your cover?

W. T. RABE
Public Information Director
Univ. of Detroit

Detroit, Mich.

Shakespeare Had His Day

EDITOR: For Moira Walsh's "Christ or Credit Card" article (10/21), literature offers an apt description: "The lady doth protest too much."

(MRS.) JOSEPH J. GAVIN
New York, N.Y.

Instant Agreement

EDITOR: Buckley, si!
Dean Manion, si!
Cancellation, si!
Refund, si!

(MRS.) EILEEN S. MCINTOSH
Winnetka, Ill.

Help to Those Who Help Themselves

EDITOR: I liked John Meslay's article, "Fresh Look at Cuba and Castro" (10/28). I noticed particularly his statement: "Required also is an effective and self-sacrificing resolution, on the part of the economic ruling class in Latin America, to take the lead in a redistribution of the national income."

I believe I should help those who help themselves.

In Current Comment, same issue ("Yanqui, Si; Antianqui, No"), I liked what I read of the quotation from an article by

Carlos Guillermo Plaza, S.J., in *Razón y Fe*. The quotation, in part, ran: "South Americans should examine honestly the 'American miracle' and get to work."

I emphasize, North America does *not* have a "duty to change the social and economic conditions in Latin America," unless governments there co-operate.

C. ALBERT KUPER
President

The J. F. W. Dorman Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

Amen!

EDITOR: Grave concern causes me to express my feelings regarding the cleavage developing in this country among Catholics who question the right of the Holy Father to write on social problems.

It is not difficult to see that this cleavage may develop into a very serious situation, much to the delight of the Communists. It is one which fits their divisive aims.

Why not include the study of the encyclical "Christianity and Social Progress" in the programs of the growing number of anti-Communist groups (in Catholic circles at least)? This is what the Holy Father has requested!

So far there has been no encouragement in our local diocesan weekly, the *Tidings*, to study the encyclical. Rather, emphasis is placed on joining conservative anti-Communist groups. *National Review* is recommended as supplementary reading material. *America*, *Ave Maria* and *Sign* are not.

(MRS.) J. BRYANT EUSTICE
La Canada, Calif.

Compulsive Premiums

EDITOR: In Fr. Benjamin L. Masse's State of the Question (10/21), he speaks of Social Security benefits for which he says the recipients paid "premiums."

According to the Social Security Act as originally enacted and repeatedly amended, payments for Social Security benefits are taxes and not premiums. Like all other taxes, they are compulsory and hence are unlike premium payments, which are free and voluntary.

Because of this distinction, the answer to Fr. Masse's question: "Where is the loss of freedom and responsibility?", is quite different from what it would be if there were no essential difference between premiums and taxes.

J. A. BUDINGER

Kansas City, Mo.

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KING AND CHURCH

by W. Eugene Shiels, s.j.

Shortly before America was discovered, the kings of Spain received an unusual grant from Rome. It was the royal patronage of the Church, the right to administer all religious affairs in Granada. The grant was soon extended to the Indies. This patronage produced excellent results in the establishment of religion overseas and in building and cementing the structure of empire. It deserved to be called "the most precious pearl in the royal diadem."

But the grant created an unnatural situation that led in time to a servitude of the Church to the State. Taken altogether it developed into a magnificent illusion, a Church subservient to a Crown that finally perverted the patronal function. History never gave clearer, more cogent warning against improper ties between religion and civil government.

The book aims primarily to present in full the documents that are basic to a study of the patronage, and in this to make clear just what was its origin and operation. These texts are woven into a narrative that spans the three centuries of the patronage.

W. Eugene Shiels, S.J., began his studies of the Spanish empire under Professor Herbert E. Bolton at the University of California, where he received his doctorate in 1933. Since then he has been teaching and writing in the same field. He is professor of history and chairman of the department at Xavier University, Cincinnati. He is an active member of the historical associations and an associate editor of *Mid-America*.

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Current Comment

Pope John: Secular View

The third anniversary of the new pontificate naturally occasioned articles in the secular press as well as in the religious press. These ranged from colorful but innocuous descriptions of ceremonies to highly tendentious interpretations of Pope John's policies.

But there were stories of superior quality, too. A new breed of correspondent seems to be gathering around the Vatican—and may their tribe increase. As an instance of the new genre of informed, conscientious and frank analysis one hopes will set the standard for the coming Council, we cite the dispatch sent by Barrett McGurn. He is European correspondent for the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

AMERICA readers may be interested in the salient points McGurn chose as summing up the last three years. 1) Pope John has carried out his intention to remove the Vatican, and in particular Catholic Action, from involvement in the internal political struggles in Italy; 2) he has sought better relations with Protestants and other religious groups, and has proved his interest in the non-white world; 3) even Russians are welcomed to his audiences. On the other hand, 4) he has moved very slowly in his desire to internationalize the central Vatican administration; 5) despite the decentralization inherent in calling the bishops to the coming Council, concentration of more authority in the hands of Vatican agencies seems to continue.

Pope John's democratic, nonpolitical ideas, concludes McGurn, are sure to receive strong support at the Council. The Pope's efforts in the interreligious field are likely to make cautious progress. In sum, McGurn hails John XXIII's work to date as "no small accomplishment for one who was considered a mere interim Pope."

Booming Pension Funds

Even the bare figures speak eloquently. Last year the assets of corporate pension funds reached \$50 billion. That represents a fivefold increase over the past decade.

In the course of their dynamic growth, interesting percentage changes have occurred both in the relative size of the two main types of pension funds and in their sources of income.

In 1950, insured pension funds—that is, those underwritten by insurance companies—accounted for 48 per cent of the total assets of all corporate pension funds. In 1960, the share of the insurance companies had tumbled to 38 per cent. On the other hand, the share of the noninsured funds, administered mostly by a half-dozen banks in New York, jumped from 47 to 58 per cent.

At the end of 1960, income from investments was just about covering disbursements, so that contributions from employers and employees were steadily adding to the assets. Whatever questions may be raised about the ownership of these funds, or about the financial power enjoyed—at least theoretically—by their trustees, they have been so far a great boon to millions of U.S. workers.

Old Soldier Quits

We were reminded recently of a famous speech that closed with the observation, "old soldiers . . . just fade away." The occasion was the retirement from the U.S. Army, as of Nov. 4, of 51-year-old Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker.

The nation could not but wish that in General Walker's case, as in that of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, personal convictions could have been compatible with professional duty. For both men, in recognition of excellent service, deserved a better fate from history. However, when a subordinate differs with his superior on a grave matter of principle, the only honorable thing to do is to resign. This General Walker has done.

In a bitter statement to the Senate Armed Services Committee, he unburdened himself of his complaint. Its key may perhaps be found in his assertion that "our objective is not peace, but freedom." Moreover, General Walker said that

executive power has become so inordinate that members of the armed forces have been subjected

to the most arbitrary and ruthless treatment for daring to speak the truth in accordance with conviction and conscience.

The General seconds the belief that government departments are infiltrated by subversives; he subscribes to the John Birch Society thesis that people are still not aware of communism. Thus, he said, "we employ its agents in the teaching professions. . . . They infect our entertainment media. They long ago have infiltrated our government. . . . Even our free press is exploited by Communist propagandists."

Many will disagree with Mr. Walker's simplified scheme of values and emphases. His dedicated Americanism, the sincerity of which cannot be questioned, was dubiously oriented so long as he wore the uniform. Now, as a civilian, he can match his opinions with those of the rest of us civilians.

Reston vs. Tillich

Machiavelli's juxtaposition of politics and morals got its latest airing in a clash between columnist James Reston and Dr. Paul Tillich of Harvard's Divinity School on Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt's Oct. 22 TV program, "Prospects of Mankind."

According to Dr. Tillich, atomic warfare is unethical because "it produces destruction without the possibility of a creative new beginning; it annihilates what it is supposed to defend." President Kennedy cannot, therefore, morally threaten an atomic fight to defend Berlin or any other part of the world. If fight we must, it must be by conventional weapons until the enemy fires the first atomic shot.

Mr. Reston's response was rather impatient. Give Khrushchev this assurance, he said, and he will take Berlin and who knows what else. We could not stop him. In trying to stop him, we would be forced to a moral decision on whether to use the bomb or not. Therefore, even if we admit to ourselves that atomic war is immoral, it would not be politically wise to tell Khrushchev we feel that way about it. Rather, the President must use the threat of atomic war as a political force to deter. Once war is averted, we can revert to discussions within a moral framework.

This is no difference of opinion to be resolved in a few words. However, it appears to us that Dr. Tillich assumes

too much while Mr. Reston admits too little. Dr. Tillich should not assume that atomic war must result in absolute extermination. Pius XII did not despair of keeping the evil effects of even an atomic war proportionate to the good to be achieved.

On the other hand, we cannot subscribe to Mr. Reston's assumption that what is realistic and good politically need not be above moral cavil. Or that something immoral can none the less serve a good political purpose. A political decision has to be prudent. To be so it first has to be morally right.

Error Corrected

In our article, "A Catholic-Protestant Conversation," by Thomas F. Stransky, C.S.P., and Claud D. Nelson (AM. 11/11), a printer's error, made at the last moment before press time, regrettably garbled the sense of Dr. Nelson's second statement in column one on page 187.

As originally edited, this paragraph read:

NELSON: Indeed, we do well to bear in mind, with reference to Christ's prayer for unity, that our unity is not simply important in itself, as evidence of our faith—for our own reassurance, guidance and salvation. It is more than that. Jesus seems to have held it as indispensable evidence to the non-believer. Only if we are united will the world believe that He was sent by the Father.

Protestant Bouquet

Just before Reformation Sunday a Protestant Episcopal minister told a Minneapolis audience: "As the churches of the Reformation once spoke words of judgment upon the great Church of Rome, so that Church today may be the servant of God in voicing judgment upon us."

The speaker was the Rev. Theodore O. Wedel, former warden of the College of Preachers at Washington (D.C.) National Cathedral. He stressed that "Catholic America is still found at church on Sunday morning, still honors the Ten Commandments and still fears God." He asked: "Can the same be said of Protestant America, or at least that large section of it that has turned half pagan?"

Strong words. We do not quote them to embarrass any of our separated brethren. We are simply struck by the fact that the example of the Catholic Church was lauded at a Reformation Sunday observance.

In his account of the address for the Oct. 28 Washington Post, correspondent Kenneth Dole quoted Dr. Wedel as saying: "The Pope is still a better guide to morals than Hollywood." Then came this comment: "Catholic America still believes in Christian education. Protestant America, so it seems, has abandoned her schools."

Looking at the "disunity of Protestantism," Dr. Wedel said the Catholic "puts the children of the Reformation to shame." Protestantism, he explained, must at times appear to the Catholic as "sheer polytheism," with "ten church spires in place of one, and each separate flock worshipping a God made in its own denominational image."

Whatever one may think of the warden's comments on Protestantism, his attempt to put the Catholic Church in focus is an example of the good that can come out of the Catholic-Protestant dialogue.

Political Growth in Texas

Democrats hailed it as a great political victory for President Kennedy's program when, on Nov. 4, Henry B. Gonzales was elected U. S. Congressman from Texas's 20th Congressional District. It was surely that, especially since the Republican opposition had taken a "militant conservative" stand. But it was much more than that, as many Texans will assure you.

Mr. Gonzales is, of course, not the first American with a Spanish name to serve in Congress. But he is the first candidate of Mexican ancestry ever elected to that body from Texas. For, in some parts of the Lone Star State, policies and attitudes of discrimination and even of segregation have long been as undemocratic—if more subtly so—toward citizens of Mexican origin as toward Negroes. The election of a man who has firmly stood up against segregation measures in the State Senate marks another step forward in the maturing process of American democracy.

All this is by no means to suggest that Congress is representative of minorities as such. Just as the Senate represents

the States, the House represents the people—usually people of varying geographical districts. Mr. Gonzales was not elected as a "Mexican" but as an American. While he was naturally favored by those who felt he would understand them more fully than his opponent, he stands for the entire district and not for one or two minorities.

It does us no harm to recall that we are all of immigrant stock, whether our forebears arrived here one, five or fifteen generations ago. None of us can suppose that the Celtic-Germanic-Jewish-Dutch-Italian blood streams of a Kennedy, an Eisenhower, a LaGuardia, a Goldwater or two Roosevelts make America less purely American. If *E Pluribus Unum* is to be more than a cliché stamped on coins, we should welcome the full participation in national life of all Americans of whatever ancestry.

Tariff Thunderheads

A disastrous trade policy could cost us the Cold War as surely as a wrong military or political judgment. Attention is now being drawn to this fact by two interrelated predicaments: 1) that of reaching new agreements with the European Economic Community, usually called the Common Market; 2) that of renewing or revamping our tariff policies when the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act expires next June 30.

Last year the EEC announced that it would cut tariffs "across the board" by 20 per cent, provided nonmember countries made agreeable concessions. Nonmember U.S.A., which last fiscal year did a \$3.5-billion export business with the six member countries and another \$2.25-billion business with Britain and other countries now making overtures to join EEC, can hardly afford to jeopardize these markets.

The President's authority to lower tariffs, however, is limited by provisions of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. He has, therefore, begun a campaign for broader and more permanent powers to deal with this phase of the economy.

The first salvos were fired on Nov. 1 at the National Foreign Trade Convention in New York. George A. Ball, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, reminded his hearers that "in a world where we must all unite or per-

ish, there is no place for an inward-looking economic nationalism."

That same day, the report to the Joint Congressional Economic Committee by Christian A. Herter, former Secretary of State, and Will Clayton, who held Mr. Ball's post under President Truman, described the Reciprocal Trade Act as "hopelessly inadequate" and urged close association with the Common Market.

Protectionists and a Congress suspicious of Executive encroachment will certainly give the President stiff opposition. We are going to hear a lot more on this topic.

... Workers and Foreign Trade

Indicative of the growing interest of workers in foreign commerce is the Conference on Foreign Trade which the International Association of Machinists is sponsoring in Washington, D.C., Nov. 27-29.

This meeting, the first of its kind ever held by a labor union, had its genesis in the IAM's 1960 convention. On that occasion the delegates gave President A. J. Hayes and his fellow officers an ambitious mandate.

They were instructed: 1) to develop methods of dealing with unfair competition "based on exploitation of foreign labor"; 2) to organize support for programs designed to expand overseas markets for U.S. and Canadian goods; and 3) to equip the union's officers and members with the facts "about world trade and its impact on employment and prosperity at home." The projected three-day conference is the method chosen by the union's top officials to accomplish these goals.

Throughout the postwar period, organized labor's attitude toward foreign trade has been, by and large, constructive. Breaking with its protectionist past, it has strongly supported successive renewals of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. More recently, however, as imports from Europe and the Far East have expanded, some of the unions have been wavering in their devotion to more liberalized trade. Fortunately, the powerful IAM is not one of these. The program for its Washington conference reflects an enlightened approach to a problem that can all too easily be viewed through near-sighted spectacles of narrow self-interest.

The IAM program also emphasizes, incidentally, the truth of Pope John's remark in "Christianity and Social Progress" (*Mater et Magistra*) that unions can no longer rely exclusively on collective bargaining to achieve their objectives.

Dictionary Dithers

To the barricades! Man the breastworks! The dignity of the noble English language, at least as she is spoke by us Amuricans, is being assaulted. All who care about good usage are being given the hip over the edge of the abyss that giddies down to barbarism.

Such seems the alarum that has greeted the recent publication of *Webster's Third New International Unabridged Dictionary* (G. & C. Merriam, \$47.50). *Time* for Oct. 27 editorialized its times horror over the new *Webster's* approval of such hitherto non-words as "ain't," "irregardless," "finalize" and all the other -izes and -ises (you know—"wordwise" this is a swell dictionary).

Well—a dictionary is a dictionary is a . . . as one G. Stein would have said. It does not *make* language; it records language's use. Much as we may regret the infelicities that have "debased" our stepmother tongue, about all *we* can do is resolve that we won't be the first by whom the new is tried.

We Americans have always rather gloried in the fact that we don't have an equivalent of the French Academy to preserve the "purity" of the language. American English is a boisterously living language, and its rambunctiousness is really part of its healthy metabolism—or do you dig this argument? Anyway, even if Noah Webster is gyrating in his grave, we ain't gonna be panicked, editorialwise, into any verbal standpatism. [*This comment reflects the opinion of a splinter group of linguistic deviationists on the AMERICA staff. Dig?* —ED.]

General Taylor's Mission

One of the drawbacks of sending a high personage to foreign trouble spots is that the public is inevitably led to expect a dramatic change for the better. When such a change does not occur—and it rarely does—the public feels let down.

So it may happen in the case of Gen.

Maxwell D. Taylor's highly publicized trip to South Vietnam as President Kennedy's military representative. Although General Taylor is a very competent officer, it is unlikely that in his short visit to the guerrilla-infested Southeast Asian country he was able to learn very much that was not already known in Washington. For other competent Americans have flown over the watery rice bowl south of Saigon and the jungle-covered highlands to the north. They, too, have inspected the training of South Vietnamese troops near Nhatrang on the South China sea, and in the pleasant coolness of Dalat have discussed the situation at length with President Ngo Dinh Diem.

The harsh truth is that there is no easy answer to the devilishly clever Communist assault on South Vietnam. President Diem's government is at the moment the best possible one and by Asian standards it is honest and efficient. The South Vietnamese Army is a fairly good organization—though inadequately equipped—and at the present time nearly 700 American soldiers are intent on improving it. The dispatch of a token U.S. force to fight alongside the South Vietnamese might give the country a psychological lift, but it would do no more than that and it might incite the Communists to even more flagrant intervention.

It's a good guess that all General Taylor was able to report to the President is that both we and the South Vietnamese can and must do better—and on a larger scale—what we are already doing. If recent reports are accurate, the South Vietnamese have lately been dealing the Viet Cong guerrillas harder blows than they have been taking. The battle is by no means lost.

Timely Topic

Britain now has a weekly newsmagazine. Called *Topic*, its first issue appeared on Oct. 18. Our London correspondent mailed us a copy.

Topic's format makes it resemble our *Newsweek*, but its style is an imitation of *Time*. Scattered throughout are such timely topical sentences as: "Urgent problem facing Eire's new Health Minister: what to do about the country's creaking ambulance service."

News emphasis varies, of course, from that of the U.S. newsmagazines on

which *Topic* is modeled. Where *Time* starts off with a lead editorial under the heading, "The U.S.," *Topic* opens with nine pages headed "Home Front" and "Britain's Week." Under "World's Week," the U.S.A. gets exactly one paragraph.

This treatment is doubtless good for the inflated American ego and, honest Injun, we don't really mind. But we take more serious objection to *Topic's*

fatuous criticism of BBC television commentator Richard Dimbleby. Dimbleby's offense was that, standing on Berlin's Potsdamer Platz, he pointed east and declared: "There lies the Communist world. Any criticism of the regime is liable to mean imprisonment." Pointing to the west, he cried: "But THERE is freedom!"

Topic objects because the Communist party is banned in West Germany, just

as democratic parties are banned in East Germany. Can't *Topic* tell the difference between a country where citizens can vote for the Christian Democrats, the Social Democrats or the Free Democrats, even if not for the Communists, and one where they can vote only for the Communists? If not, then perhaps *Topic* should give its whole attention to the week in Britain, where at least it knows its way around.

The Will to Live

LONDON—"We are not anti-anything—except death." With these words the Rev. Michael Scott sounded the theme of a mass forum held by the Pacifist Committee of 100 in Trafalgar Square one recent Sunday afternoon.

Some four thousand people crowded the Square and its environs. A succession of speakers addressed them through a bank of microphones at the foot of the famous pillar from the top of which Lord Nelson's figure stares stonily down Whitehall toward Big Ben.

The crowd was made up mainly of young people, most of them well-dressed. The beatnik type, though evident, was not numerous. But university scarves were plentiful, and one group held aloft a large Cambridge University banner.

This was a British crowd, quiet and well-behaved. (A host of bobbies was scattered through the crowd to make sure that it remained so.) If one may judge by the light applause that greeted the speakers, many of those present were there more from curiosity than from any other motive. It was, after all, one way to pass a Sunday afternoon.

None of the speakers spoke very long, although the Rev. Mr. Scott yielded to a common clerical temptation and kept on talking past the point where he had lost his audience. The other speakers included a journalist, James Cameron, John Blatchley of the Royal Court Theatre, a trade-union shop steward named Ken Weller and Michael Randall, just released from the prison where he had been confined for an act of civil disobedience. Actress Vanessa Redgrave read a statement by Sir Herbert Read, who was unable to be present. A speech by Lord (Bertrand) Russell rounded off the program.

Civil disobedience was the topic of the forum. But since the police had granted a permit for the meeting only on agreement that there would be no incitement to specific illegal acts, no one spelled out very clearly what civil disobedience consists in.

The Committee of 100's reason for breaking the law, John Blatchley explained, is to draw attention

to the necessity for nuclear disarmament and British neutralism. If Britain were neutral, Lord Russell said, she would be safer and could also "throw a heavy weight" toward persuading America and the Soviet Union to disarm bilaterally.

The Committee's speakers made no distinction between America and the Soviet Union. One country was as bad as the other, and America's claim to stand for freedom was mentioned only with derision. The denunciation of America, in fact, was somewhat sharper because Britain is her ally and is thereby made a partner in her crimes.

The real issue, Michael Randall explained, is not between East and West. It is between the politicians—"who want to destroy each other and us at the same time"—and the people of the world. The object of the campaign of civil disobedience is to get rid of the politicians and bring in new leaders who will abolish the use of force from international relations.

Alongside this overriding objective, all the issues between East and West fade into insignificance. Berlin, said James Cameron, is a political technicality which cannot be resolved by war. Communism and capitalism, in the mind of the Committee of 100, are simply competing social systems, neither of them worth fighting for under today's conditions.

For the world stands on the brink of annihilation. "If any of you here present are alive a year hence," Lord Russell told us, "you'll be lucky." There is no place, Sir Herbert Read declared, for logic or argument and debate in this situation. "We must obey the law that bids us to live. We must make every sacrifice for freedom to live."

The will to live was the constant and, indeed, the only theme of the forum's speakers. That, no doubt, accounts for the curious omissions in their talks. There was no mention of the consequences of unilateral disarmament, no contemplation of the possibility that the renunciation of force by the West might lead only to the domination of the world by the Communists. For these men there is only one enemy: war. And, if we are to believe them, all that is needed for the lion to lie down with the lamb is that the lamb should lie down first.

FRANCIS CANAVAN

FR. CANAVAN, S.J., an associate editor of this Review, is currently reporting from London.

Washington Front

JFK TURNS THE OTHER CHEEK

FOR THOSE DEMOCRATS who like their politics rough and tough, President Kennedy's reluctance to tangle with Republican critics of the New Frontier has been disappointing.

The get-in-there-and-fight boys have been especially disappointed by Mr. Kennedy's forbearance in the case of General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower. They thought he would go after the General when he spoke recently at a Democratic rally in Trenton, N.J. The occasion was purely political, with the President making what he himself called his "first stump speech" since 1960. His expenses were being paid by the Democratic National Committee.

However, JFK passed up this chance to hit back at his predecessor in the White House. He did not mention him. Nor did he allude to the General's criticism of the Administration—his remarks about the handling of the Laotian and Cuban crises, his cracks about going to the moon, Federal spending and "shrinking dollars," and his sarcastic reference to the Peace Corps as a "juvenile experiment."

Why has not the President fired back at Gettysburg? Obviously, he has felt that the timing would be bad. But why has he felt that way?

Maybe the international situation has something to

do with it. Maybe he wants to avoid a feud with General Eisenhower and so, in a time of great crisis, be able to call the old soldier to his side and present a picture of national unity to the world.

Again, the President may feel that the General, who used to say that he was "a novice, a neophyte in politics," will talk himself into trouble if left alone—as he did, at least with some people, by what he said about the Peace Corps.

Still another possible explanation for Mr. Kennedy's restraint might be found in Gallup Poll surveys. The latest of these showed that 76 per cent thought he was doing a pretty good job, a popularity graph higher than either General Eisenhower or Harry S. Truman enjoyed at the same point in their administrations. He may have concluded from this that the General could not have hurt him very much.

Mr. Kennedy has had two meetings with his predecessor since Inauguration Day—on April 21, at Camp David, after the failure of the Cuban invasion, and on June 20, when General Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower were invited back to the White House as guests at a luncheon.

Some romantic onlookers here concluded from these meetings that the two men had become warm friends. That is not so, and neither of them pretends that it is so. Ultimately, if the criticism continues, the President doubtless will swap blows with the General. But the last thing he wants is the kind of vendetta that wrecked the one-time friendship between the General and Mr. Truman.

EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

On All Horizons

RECORD CROWD • Last month at the Univ. of San Francisco, an all-day conference on Pope John's encyclical "Christianity and Social Progress" (*Mater et Magistra*) drew a record crowd of participants. Benjamin L. Masse, S.J., associate editor of *AMERICA* and president of the Catholic Economic Assn., opened the conference with an address on the meaning of the encyclical. At subsequent sessions, socialization, worker participation, world economic problems, underdeveloped countries and the farm problem were discussed.

SINGING FAMILY • Up in Providence, R.I., the new sound is the Burke Family Chorale: ten voices—the family of professional organist and choirmaster Walter V. Burke. "My family all over again," Baroness von Trapp called them.

Just completing their first 30 concerts, the Burkes are available for appearances around the country. Information from Rev. Norman Leboeuf, St. Michael's Rectory, Oxford St., Providence, R.I.

FOR TEACHERS • Formosa missionary and expert photographer Fred J. Foley, S.J., tells us of a privately published 134-page volume of his Oriental photo studies available from him at \$2 each. The title: *The Face of Taiwan*. Father Foley, back in this country for doctoral studies at Harvard, lives at Boston College (Chestnut Hill 67, Mass.).

MACHINE AGE • Boston College recently received a National Science Foundation grant of \$235,500 for its modern mathematics program. This program includes the development of elec-

tronic logic machines invented by Rev. Stanley Bezuska, S.J., mathematics department chairman. The machines, especially useful for student drill outside of class, can solve 160 categorical syllogisms and point out errors in reasoning.

CHARACTER • Grade school teachers may be interested in an ingenious "character building program" put together by a teachers sodality and tested in a number of Detroit schools. An explanatory manual giving outlines and resource leads can be had (50¢) from Character Development Program, 16166 Dexter St., Detroit 21, Mich.

LATIN AMERICA • A scholarship program will be available in 1962 to graduate students interested in one of the languages of Latin America and in companion studies related to a country in which the language is spoken. Write for details to Language Fellowship Unit, Div. of Higher Education, U.S. Office of Education, Wash. 25, D.C. W. Q.

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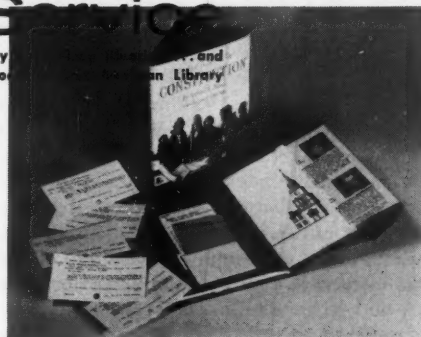
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Editorials

Konrad Adenauer: Strength and Wisdom

AS A FRENCH observer wrote a few months ago, in German politics today everything is possible—everything except sending Konrad Adenauer back to his roses. This commentator foresaw accurately the outcome of the long ministerial deadlock in the Federal Republic. In the September elections, we may recall, Chancellor Adenauer lost his absolute majority in the Bundestag or lower house. As a result, he was forced to seek a coalition with the Free Democrats, old foes, men who had campaigned on the pledge never to serve in an Adenauer-headed government.

It seemed at first as though Adenauer's days were numbered. It appeared he would indeed be obliged to accept enforced retirement amid the petaled bushes at his home in Rhoendorf, overlooking the Rhine. But when the dust had cleared, the Old Man, *der Alte*, was once more on top of the pile. It is true that he had to make concessions in order to get his parliamentary majority. These yieldings to the necessity of the moment are the very stuff of politics. But what counts is that on November 7 Konrad Adenauer was formally invested for the fourth time as Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany. Once in office, he will not be easily removed.

The four-time leader of the West Germans will be 86 years of age in January. He seems as indestructible physically as he is politically. When he visits Washington next week to confer with President Kennedy on the Berlin crisis, the public will see a man as sure of step as he is firm of memory and judgment. Who can fail to marvel at this phenomenon? Elsewhere in this issue, AMERICA's own "Old Man," Fr. John LaFarge, S.J., presents some reflections that are appropriate for this occasion. His words and Adenauer's late triumph remind us eloquently that, even in this so-called young man's world, old age has not only its compensations but also its services and its mission as well.

We are not prepared to say with certitude what has contributed to the exceptional physical vigor of the Chancellor. No doubt the sponsors of certain expensive TV programs would pay millions to get his endorsement of their products. If queried, Adenauer would probably ascribe his health to a regime characterized by a periodic glass of Rhine wine, a few hours regularly working in his garden, early bedtime and an occasional game of bocci with old cronies. He would probably add that the engaging battle of politics (especially successful politics) has a lot to do with keeping at the peak his zest for life. It is not old soldiers, but old politicians who never die.

Nor do we pretend to have the secret of Adenauer's political success, especially in view of his comparatively unsuccessful and inconspicuous career in national politics during the Weimar years. It is difficult to believe that this man was already prominent enough in 1917 to be elected chief mayor of his native Cologne. In 1945 he was appointed mayor of that city again by British occupation authorities. No doubt, when they soon afterwards dismissed him for failing to co-operate, they thought they had indeed sent the stubborn old man to his roses for good. In 1949, he was still unknown, not only to the outside world, but even to many Germans. In the meantime, however, he had established himself as the head of the newly created Christian Democratic party. He has not been stopped since.

Perhaps the secret of the twelve years and more of Adenauer's ascendancy in Germany's crucial post-Nazi era is that the Germans needed an Adenauer. They needed an unclouded vision of another Germany, a Germany at once authentically German and truly European. Adenauer revealed himself to them as more than a survivor of the Wilhelmian days. If he had been only a caretaker chancellor, pending the arrival of new blood on the scene, he would not have repeatedly won the emphatic allegiance of the German voter, again and again. He stood for a Europe that not only Germans but most Europeans had forgotten in that mad 19th-century upsurge of nationalism that was destined, in the 20th century, to carry Europe over the precipice.

For Adenauer is a Rhinelander. Past his native city flows the great river that in better years was the main artery coursing through civilized and Christian Europe. In those times a river united; it did not divide. Not only did the Rhine link Basel with Rotterdam; it enriched culturally the hinterland of all the countries whose banks it watered. Adenauer, the European, brought this Europe to life again. Many Germans who, on local issues, voted Socialist, gave their vote to Adenauer on the great national and international issues.

Thanks to this European policy, good relations today between France and Germany are more solidly based than anyone back in 1945 could have foreseen they would be. It may yet be Adenauer's crowning achievement to set in motion at least a current of good will that can lead eventually to a peaceful, permanent and mutually satisfactory understanding with Poland over the eastern boundaries.

As a European, Adenauer is also anti-Communist. He sees, in the forces now dominating East Germany and beyond, a grave threat to the values for which his beloved Europe stands. Moscow knows this and spares him no curse that can be contrived out of the rich vocabulary developed by world communism in its long use of vilification as a political weapon.

It is paradoxical—but not surprising for those who read Fr. LaFarge's warm essay elsewhere in these pages—that this old man should have become the vehicle of rich and productive new ideas. His repeated electoral victories were won with the help of young voters who, through his leadership, see within their reach a future of honor, peace and dignity as Europeans.

In a few days the oldest and the youngest of the free world's leaders will meet face to face in Washington to consult together on matters of the greatest import. They have much in common beside their profession of a common religious faith. Both are called by their respective peoples to be the protectors and custodians of the rich traditions and values of the free world. Their failure will be our failure and our tragedy.

New Catholic Mind

IN AN ALMOST frivolous way, the United States had just acquired the Philippines—with a mind, said President McKinley, “to civilize and Christianize” the natives (who had been Catholics for 300 years). In this way, fulfilling “manifest destiny,” the nation had plunged into the heady waters of imperialism.

Not quite three years later, on September 14, 1901, President McKinley died, victim of an anarchist's bullet in Buffalo. The Vice President, Theodore Roosevelt, succeeded him.

That same year, climaxing a trend toward economic concentration, the United States Steel Corporation was formed. The nation's first billion-dollar enterprise, “Big Steel” seemed to typify an age of dynamic expansion, enormous vitality and boundless self-confidence.

Such were the buoyant times in which the *Catholic Mind* was born. It made its modest entry into the publishing world under the sponsorship of the *Messenger*, a cultural monthly edited in New York City by the Jesuits under the Rev. John J. Wynne. The *Messenger* was superseded in 1909 by AMERICA, the National Catholic Weekly Review, and thereafter the *Catholic Mind* was published, as it still is today, by the America Press.

The first issue of the *Catholic Mind*, dated January 8, 1903, carried the following announcement:

Each number will contain an article of permanent value, entire or in part, on some question of the day, giving in pamphlet style the best statements of Catholic doctrine; surest results of historical research; latest word on subjects in dispute; documents such as papal encyclicals, pastoral letters of more than local interest; important addresses at Catholic congresses; occasional sermons of special merit; biographies and good short stories; editorials, chronicles and book notes.

Except for the commitment to publish biographies, book notes, chronicles and short stories, the editors over the years have striven to achieve the original aim. They have tried to give their readers, in convenient form, all significant papal and episcopal statements, important documents and articles and addresses of lasting importance. The best testimony that they have not missed their mark egregiously is the *Catholic Mind's* subscription renewal rate, one of the highest, we believe, in the magazine field.

Naturally there have been numerous format changes. About 1915, the practice of confining each issue to a single article or document was abandoned. As a result,

the *Catholic Mind* became more of a magazine and less of a pamphlet-of-the-month.

For years *Catholic Mind* appeared biweekly, but even after a colored cover was introduced late in the 1930's, it continued to have something of the look of a pamphlet. This resemblance was destroyed in 1943 when the *Catholic Mind* shifted to monthly publication and appeared in popular digest form. (The materials, however, continued to be printed in full.)

After fourteen years as a monthly, the magazine became a bimonthly with a striking new design. Before that change occurred, however, the *Catholic Mind* celebrated its fiftieth birthday. To signalize the event, the America Press published in 1953, with Fr. Benjamin L. Masse as editor, a 704-page commemorative volume, *The Catholic Mind Through Fifty Years*. This sturdy volume had a surprisingly large sale, going through several printings, and was a Catholic Book Club selection.

The Editor-in-Chief of AMERICA is ex officio the Editor of the *Catholic Mind*. After Fr. Wynne, the succession runs through Frs. Thomas J. Campbell, Richard H. Tierney, Wilfrid Parsons, Francis X. Talbot, John LaFarge and Robert C. Hartnett to the present Editor, Thurston N. Davis.

In practice, the Editors-in-Chief have regularly delegated a large part of the responsibility for the *Catholic Mind* to one of their colleagues on the AMERICA editorial staff, who in more recent times has been designated on the masthead as Executive Editor.

Unfortunately, no complete listing of the Executive Editors and their terms of office is possible. Some few years before he died, Fr. Parsons related to us that Frs. Walter Dwight, Francis P. Le Buffe, Gerald C. Treacy, Francis X. Talbot, Gerard Donnelly, Charles I. Doyle (who last summer was a welcome visitor to Campion House) and William J. Benn had all served as Executive Editors. Fr. LaFarge was Executive Editor from 1940 to 1942, when he was succeeded by Fr. Masse. The present Executive Editor, Fr. Vincent S. Kearney, has been putting the magazine to bed since 1956.

Now the *Catholic Mind*, in its 60th year, is about to undergo another face lifting. Henceforth it will appear ten times a year, that is, once a month, except in July and August. The new format, which is gradually taking shape, is most attractive. We can promise the magazine's legions of loyal readers that, come January, 1962, they will not be disappointed.

Fanatics on the Loose

WE HOPE DOMINICAN Father Charles B. Quirk of Providence College is wrong in saying recently that “a substantial number of Catholics, both lay and clerical, are dues-paying members” of the John Birch Society. He is certainly right, however, in asserting that the Birch program “is dangerous fanaticism aimed right at the heart of our democratic institutions.” This group is aiding the cause of communism.

On Turning Seventy

John LaFarge

FOR MOST PEOPLE the seventieth birthday comes in silently, like Carl Sandburg's San Francisco fog. The usual reaction to congratulations is: Why this fuss *today*? Nothing new has happened. In fact, you would hardly have noticed the event if you hadn't received retirement papers or read the passage in Psalm 89 (90) which defines the usual limits to human age. That psalm, incidentally, was composed long before our present days of regulated diet, vitamin tablets and other aids to longevity.

This very unobtrusiveness of the 70th year, however, inclines me to believe one should not wait until decrepitude sets in before formulating some plan for life's last lap. I don't believe that one should just trust to luck—or the good Lord's merciful indulgence—so as to enjoy various happy and pleasant latter-day moments. I don't think it's enough to reread Cicero's *De Senectute* and be persuaded that age is not such a bad thing after all. Age, it is true, can be a time of harvest, of selection and wisdom, with wonderful compensations all its own. But for you, perhaps, it isn't quite so commendable.

Let it be clear to us that our Christian and Catholic faith is not content just to console us in old age, to shield us a bit from the rude blasts of the time-wind. Our faith can transform old age, just as it can transform each period of our life upon earth, and it is of supreme importance that we act in our faith's full consciousness: that we do not leave matters to mere hazard, but that we approach this period fortified with a definite purpose and program.

Old age, after all, is a natural phase of life. The burden of human weakness that we have inherited from our father Adam lies heavily upon it, both physically and morally. Yet it is endowed with a right, a nobility of its own. Since it is a humanly natural phase, one wants to make the best use of it. The latter years, in various ways, can repair the mistakes of youth or of the middle years. But who can repair old age when it has been wasted?

For this reason I propose a conscious and deliberate choice. People want something they can remember, something that will stick by them and serve as a rallying point when their minds become a little foggy. The words I propose will carry very different meanings to people in different states of life. They will mean one

thing to a priest, another to a layman or woman. Yet I think they are applicable to all. Close to a dozen years of latter-day pondering have strengthened my conviction of their validity.

Old Age Is a Time of Prayer

I am not suggesting anything unusual, anything like the good old medieval idea when the conscience-stricken knight or the too-comfortably-cushioned prelate decided it was high time to retire to a monastery or hermitage and begin to "prepare for death." If, of course, you have drifted along to your 70th birthday without ever having made a spiritual retreat—or at least a really devout one—now, obviously, is the time to repair that particular lacuna. I am speaking of a deepening of value, rather than of any extension to our time schedule.

The latter years are a time when we simply allow ourselves to become more familiar with God and with His saints in heaven. We should let ourselves grow closer to that source of life, that ocean of love, toward which we are inexorably moving, just as the water-borne traveler on a great river begins to scent the first tang of the mighty sea to which the current is noiselessly carrying him. It means talking much to God: to our Father in Heaven, to His Son, our Redeemer, to the Holy Spirit, who is our invisible and ever-working companion, and to Christ's Blessed Mother Mary.

We don't delude ourselves. Our minds may wander more readily in the later years. Troublesome memories of the past may obtrude, if we don't banish them at their first appearance. We may even forget prayers we used to know by heart.

But the main thing is that prayer become more and more a part of the texture of our lives. We dwell a little longer in meditating. We spend a little longer time in a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. We refer things to God more naturally and frequently. We do much praying for the Church, for the See of Peter, for all the body of faithful, for souls akin to us outside the visible Church, for so many great intentions. In our later years we become more conscious that we do not pray alone. The Church is praying with us and in us—the whole Mystical Body of Christ. With this, many things take on a new and fresh meaning, such as the prayers of the Mass and the Divine Office, the rosary and its mysteries. They are more specifically our prayers—especially if we have cherished since our youth some pious practice like

FR. LAFARGE, S.J., the oldest member of AMERICA's editorial staff, was the recipient of the Catholic Book Club's *Campion Award* for 1961. He is almost 82 years of age.

the Angelus or Morning Offering or the *De Profundis*.

These latter years are a time for *listening*, listening for that Voice which could not make itself heard so well in the clamor of busier years. Now that voice begins to converse with us in the cool of the evening, speaking to us of what it all means and what we should really be thinking of.

We can become habitually thankful in our prayer, making the latter years a period of constant thanksgiving, in union with the divine Eucharistic thanksgiving each day in the holy Mass. We thank the Creator for these years, present and past. We think of all those who have not been privileged to enjoy them, those who died in infancy, in youth, in midstream. The *oblata* each morning are placed in our hands. Shall we not offer them consciously and joyously? Each day is a gift, ever more precious, mysteriously gathering up in itself all the value of all the days that have preceded.

Moreover, we pray silently and informally with all other *viatores*—fellow pilgrims, *sputniki*, as the Russians call them. For the curiously twisted thing about the Bolshevik jargon is its use of an honored and an-



cient term—the fellow-traveler on a sacred pilgrimage—to express the opposite of all that is holy: the Communist “fellow-traveler” here on earth, and the Soviet satellite, the “fellow-traveler” of the skies.

Let us pray for our fellow pilgrims here and in the world to come. In the latter years we live, or should live, in closer relationship with those who have already completed their term and are waiting to rejoin us in eternity.

Time, as it duly unfolds, becomes familiar with eternity. In our childhood we felt eternity's cool freshness, its bright simplicity. We return to it today, the time of the *Heimholung*, the ingathering into the Father's house. By the same token, it is the time of remaking one's life by reparation. Of that, a little later.

With every additional year the Church's traditional worship takes on new meaning. The Church is praying *in us and with us*. Our prayer becomes less purely private and is more absorbed into the great sacramental intercession of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Do I pray only for myself, or for my associates and friends, or for all mankind? It makes little difference. The Holy Spirit prays within me; it is His voice speaking through my own.

Largire lumen vespere

Quo vita nusquam decadat.

(“Bestow upon us Thy light in the evening [of life], that our life may never languish.”

—Hymn for None)

Is it my own personal life, or is it also the life of the whole creation that the Church prays for? It is either or both. It is the fulfillment of God's plan.

Old Age Is a Time of Charity

The second element in the program is that of charity, which is the new life into which we are reborn in baptism.

In the latter years you cannot, as St. Jerome says, practice anything like what you once could in the way of strenuous works for your neighbor. The area in which you can operate becomes gradually smaller. Your greatest hope is seeing that others carry on your works, perhaps much better than you could hope to do, for they can profit by your experience; perhaps less effectively, at least from your particular point of view. But with all this, the latter years offer countless opportunities for charity, many of which are appropriate to that very time. In those years you watch over your tongue, and see that it does not yield to the particular temptation for elders to listen to gossip and to disparage others. Old age is the time for *hidden* charity: a good word spoken here and there, a quiet service performed, visits to those in suffering, visits to others of the same age period whose predicament you can understand.

Most of us, unless we have had a particularly unhappy youth, remember how much we valued the kindness then shown us by older people, sometimes by the aged. The world of conversation with the young is a world each older person must construct for his or her particular self. There are infinite differences as to what each of us can contribute. Yet *give we can*, though apparently it may amount to no more than listening to what younger people say and providing for them the audience they naturally crave.

Even where age has taken the heaviest toll of physical strength and alertness, there is always something the older person can do to make life tolerable for those with whom he lives in daily contact. There are always ways and means to aid even those at a distance. It may be no more than a letter of congratulation or condolence or attendance at a wedding, a wake or a funeral; or greetings to newlyweds, or a word of encouragement to a struggling student, or a good word for the worker in some intellectual specialty who feels isolated and misunderstood. It may be the answering of questions out of our somewhat fading store of knowledge. Or the ordering of our affairs for our successor. Or the bit of counsel given to those who need it and whom we can really advise. Or encouragement to true creative

effort—oh, this is a great *opus* for the aged! Or taking on the companionship of someone in the community or neighborhood whom one might, perhaps, instinctively avoid.

Nothing indeed can extinguish our capacity for love as long as the breath of life remains within us, and that love is *life*, its very breath and current. One of the deepest inspirations to one's life as a priest is to see those wonderful instances where a married couple have nourished a flame of true love that neither age nor custom can wither, that endures until the very end; indeed, beyond the grave itself. . . .

Love for the living and love for the dead. For our faith teaches us that we can show our love for the faithful departed in a tangible manner. There are so many, so very many, in your later years, who are inscribed in your roll of remembrance. *Ipsis, Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus*: for those (whom I have named) and for all who rest in Christ. How much meaning those words gather!

Charity for those who are spiritually kin but separated from us by misunderstanding, by honest differences and, perhaps, by prejudice. Indeed, do we ourselves understand them as we ought? Certainly it is not mere chance that one has remained in close friendship with friends of one's youth throughout the vicissitudes of life, and that we can still forgather. Such things are God's working, the working of His Holy Spirit, in ways that we know not.

And there must be charity for the spiritually dead, for our enemies, if there are such; even for God's enemies, as long as they struggle in the uncertainties of this life. In my old age I can still, perhaps, represent for them the charity of Christ as I could not in younger and more active years. When age bears heavily upon them, they can more reasonably tolerate my own differences, more readily concur in those points of attraction or rejection wherein we coincide.

Old Age Is a Time for Courage

The two preceding items in our latter-years' program are more or less obvious. The third is less so and may seem to contradict our idea of age, belonging specially to youth. Yet it is, in a way, the most essential of all. This is the factor of courage.

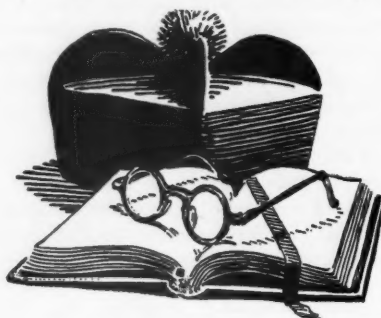
Courage, of course, is what we elders demand and expect of the young. We tell them how brave we were in our own time, conveniently passing over various episodes of moral or physical cowardice. The middle-aged are to be guided by common sense, and the elders by the divine virtue of caution. Age is the time for prudence, for if's and maybe's, for looking before you step out, for seizing the railing when you step downstairs, for slipping a coat over your shoulders of a chilly evening, for going easy on cholesterol in your diet, for avoiding contentious argument; in other words, for sailing close to the wind and keeping your hand on the tiller.

Now there's plenty of good reasoning to be displayed

for each and every one of these precautions. None the less, the latter phase of your life is not just a calamity to which you must somehow accommodate yourself. It is an adventure—your greatest adventure.

It is the time when you bet your final stake upon the great battle of life itself: when you place all your life, hopes and being in the hands of Him who gave His all for you; who hoped in you and for you, when you had forfeited any such grounds for His hope. And it's a precious privilege to enjoy this experience.

There are ample motives, then, for courage in our old



age: courage from a sense of destiny; from a sense, too, of the strength that can flow to others from your own example; for the multitude of mankind have no more respect for the cowardly aged than they have for the timid youth. The courage of old age is the courage of an exalted vision. Not the dreams of a visionary, but the glimpse of the reality and the foundations of things that is given by our faith, and the interpretation that our faith offers of the meaning of the universe—the sense of the truly sacred, of the genuinely and infinitely precious elements of our existence.

The fact that so little of life still remains is the added reason for being, as it were, prodigal of that little. Thus it was put by the patriarch Eleazar when, at the age of 90, he refused to listen to the kind advice of his cautious friends and went to torture and death, because, as he said in very blunt language, he'd "go to hell" before violating the holy law of God by eating the forbidden food.

The courage of old age is not an added decoration, a mantle of heroism in which we dress up and masquerade. The *material*, the occasion for courage, floats to our hand in the circumstances of old age itself.

The latter years are a time of diminution, no matter how you look upon them. They preface the total diminution which ends life itself. "Does the road wind upward all the way? Yes, to the very end" (Christina Rossetti). Our *habitual* courage consists in accepting this diminution, in living with it. The sense of achievement is rudely lessened. The circle of associates grows smaller. We find fewer capabilities for exciting adventures. We grow steadily smaller; after a while even our bodily stature may shrink. There is less we can say, less attention we can command, fewer opportunities to make our ideas and opinions known, greater perils of error and blunders, less control over our own functions, of

mind or body, less ability to concentrate. We are becoming steadily—let us hope, gracefully—less.

Courage, then, consists in accepting this diminution just as it comes; not only accepting it, but welcoming it, going forth to meet it and embracing it with simple honesty, as the Christlike pastor of an old German parish in Ohio told me he and his parishioners would go forth and welcome the first Negro family to put in an appearance as residents.

It takes courage, therefore, to face, day by day, the manifold pinpricks of diminution. Indeed, one becomes accustomed to it, as a new rhythm of life—if in point of fact it is new, and is not a mere emphasis on diminutions that wafted their chilly breath upon you long ago in less propitious moments. It can steal over you in so many ways, as when you clear out your desk drawers or files and wonder how you happened to accumulate so much junk, and why you have such reluctance in disposing of it. You stroll in the library and realize finally (what common sense should have taught you long ago) how many areas of knowledge must remain forever unexplored, how many intellectual or imaginative byways you can hardly ever hope to investigate. You are grateful for honors or congratulations if any such have come your way; but now they point only to the past. They no longer presage any particular surprises still to come.

As I said, there is a courage of diminution, and it has its worthy place in the program of old age. It precludes certain conventional types of adventure. Yet the approach of the latter years is a vast liberation, not an imprisonment. It is the time now to speak frankly, since you no longer have anything to lose or anything earthly to gain. You may not speak at length, and your voice is croaky, but you can express the outcome of a life's experience—modestly, of course, but also confidently.

The natural difficulties of communicating with one's neighbor should not drive us in upon ourselves. On the contrary, it is the time for going forth and meeting people, for talking, a bit confusedly, perhaps, but in the depth of human warmth, with those whom you alone can reach. For the older one grows in the service of God, the more accessible one becomes for the young, the troubled, the doubting, the despairing and perplexed. Your advice, your warning, your prophecy, may be lost nearly a hundred times. But that hundredth time, like the slim notches of a Yale-lock key, may mean for another human heart the unlocking of life itself.

Old age is traditionally the time for exceptions and exemptions. Some of these, of course, must be. You need a bit more sleep, a bit more rest, less worry and responsibility. But may it also not be the time for a somewhat greater exactness, greater fidelity, in matters that do lie within its scope? In such a way, one can take a revenge, as it were, on the tyranny of time. You can make a little more room for eternity just when time has tightened its grasp.

Most of all, we remember that old age has a special work to do. With the merely natural apparatus that time offers us, we cannot turn back the hands of the clock nor erase by one iota what the Moving Finger may

write. But with the help of the Eternal we can turn the clock back: we can rewrite our lives, and even rewrite the lives of others. Old age is pre-eminently the time of reparation. Into that great work of reparation enter all three factors that I have just mentioned: prayer, love and courage.

I have never been able to determine just where thanksgiving ceases and reparation begins. The two great actions are inextricably blended in the great prayer of the Church's sacrifice. We give thanks by offering, on our part, the sacrifice of atonement. We introduce the sacrifice of atonement by a solemn preface of thanksgiving. We give thanks at the end, after the great offering has been made, by partaking of the Victim's Body and Blood in reparation for the world's burden of sin and alienation.

This is the great *opus* of old age. This is its wonderful work, its glorious Amen; the response to the divine "Amen, I say to you. . . ." That Amen can never be in any way diminished as long as we keep it in our hearts and minds. In these years we are always busy with the great work of reparation: each day offering ourselves and offering the divine Victim—sacramentally or just spiritually—as an atonement for all the sins of the world. The facets of reparation are innumerable, yet they all blend into one great harmonious whole: the offering that is consummated with the offering of life itself. In our days of relative strength, while the light does still shine (*lucerna Dei antequam exstingueretur*), we can offer that final sacrifice, accept its manner and mode and circumstances wholly and entirely from the hands of the Creator, pray that it may be meet and just, fitting and salutary.



"The Old"

"WHEN THERE IS QUESTION of blood-relationship, three ancient traditions—the merely human, the Judaic and the Christian—agree that children are obliged to render concrete assistance to their needy parents. We must note that in one sharp controversy with his faithful enemies our Saviour explicitly and heartily condemned the failure to discharge this duty. . . . An impersonal government, paternal as it may wish to be or seem, cannot altogether assume the filial obligations that exist in the highly personal family."

Vincent P. McCorry, S.J., on the November intention of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Philippine House Cleaning—1961

H. Paul Le Maire

ON OR ABOUT the day this copy of AMERICA reaches you, Filipinos will go to the polls to choose the man who is to hold the reins of the Presidency for the next four years. Any number of reasons suggest why Americans should be particularly interested in, and concerned with, the outcome of the November 14 election.

The Philippines represents the one and only attempt the United States ever made at a colonial venture in Asia. The Philippines stands as the only nation where the United States has propagated its democratic way of life. The Filipinos were one of the few Asian peoples that stood shoulder to shoulder with the Western nations during World War II in the struggle against Japanese imperialism in the Far East.

Besides possessing one of the most stable governments in Asia, and one of the few truly democratic ones, the Philippines has shown itself to be one of the most faithful friends and loyal supporters the United States has had, beginning from the days of the Japanese invasion through the long war years and the dawning of the United Nations in San Francisco in 1945, right up to the present time. We have only to recall the spontaneous welcomes accorded to Eisenhower and MacArthur, and the speech of Francisco Delgado before the U.N. General Assembly in October, 1960.

Certainly not the least reason for American interest and concern is the unequivocal stand that this nation of 27 million has consistently taken on communism. The Philippines suppressed a full-scale Communist rebellion ten years ago; sent troops to fight side by side with Americans in the Korean War; refused to carry on trade with Red China and has been adamant in its resolve to deny Red China a seat in the United Nations; offered soldiers to fight against communism during the crisis in strategically located Laos; initiated a project of education and medical aid to Asia called "Operations Brotherhood."

Like the United States, the Philippines possesses a two-party system. Other parties, it is true, have sprung up from time to time, and some of them still function. But they have been unsuccessful in their attempts to wean away control from the two major parties, the Nacionalistas and the Liberals. (It should be noted here that the names of the two big parties do not signify the policies that the parties represent; in fact, their policies are considerably similar.)

H. PAUL LE MAIRE, S.J., views the November 14 election from a background of three years' residence in Manila.

On July 4, 1946, the day on which the Philippines became an independent nation, Manuel Roxas took the oath of office as first President of the Philippine Republic. Two years later, Roxas died suddenly of a heart attack just after delivering a speech at Clark Field, an American base in the Philippines. Elpidio Quirino, the Vice President, assumed the Presidency. His administration, which lasted from 1948 to 1953, brought the young democracy to the brink of extinction. Although it appears that Quirino was essentially an honest man, he was also—it must be admitted—very weak; he succumbed to demands of relatives and friends. The common man's faith and confidence in his government began to crumble; the common *tao* turned his face in the direction of communism for a solution to the problems, especially the land problem, that had plagued his very existence as a human being since the Spanish era.

Quirino was unequal to the task that confronted him. In the infamous election of 1949, known as the "dirty" election, Quirino was elected President through intimidation by armed squads and stuffing of ballot boxes. Few would accuse him of being positively responsible for this. He chose to close his eyes to what was going on, or else did not have the power or determination to stop it.

The Communist Revolutionary Army (*Hukbong Magpapalaya ng Bayan*—literally, Army of Liberation of the People), known popularly as the Huks, began to make rapid strides. Quirino called upon Ramon Magsaysay, member of the House of Representatives and former guerrilla leader, to quell this dangerous current of rebellion. By reorganizing the army, and with financial support from the United States, Magsaysay, as Secretary of Defense, succeeded in crushing the Communist rebellion. His dynamic leadership, his intimate contact with and knowledge of the people, his utter courage and honesty not only restored the confidence of the peasant in his government but converted countless Huks back to the ways of freedom and democracy.

When Quirino came up for re-election in 1953, as the Liberal party candidate, he found himself face to face with the man he himself had thrust into the limelight. Ramon Magsaysay had left the Liberal party to run as the candidate of the Nacionalistas. Magsaysay won that election in a dramatic, gruelling campaign that carried his name to the most remote areas of the archipelago.

Magsaysay inaugurated his Five-Year Plan, built artesian wells in countless villages, constructed schools, initiated a land-redistribution and resettlement project. Perhaps most important of all, he made himself truly

available to the people, especially the poor tenant farmer.

Fate, however, was to strike another cruel blow at the fledgling democracy. Magsaysay was killed in a tragic plane crash in March of 1957. Three times his death deprived the Philippines of outstanding leaders at eventful moments in its history: Manuel Quezon died during the war; Roxas, shortly after the granting of independence; Magsaysay, at a time when inspiring leadership and personal greatness were the most pressing needs.

Vice President Carlos P. Garcia, a Nacionalista, automatically became President. On a platform that promised to carry out faithfully the policies and projects initiated by Magsaysay, Garcia won the Presidential elections of the same year. He did not, however, succeed in carrying his Vice-Presidential candidate with him to victory. The Filipinos vote separately for President and Vice President. A Liberal, Diosdado Macapagal, became Vice President. During the past four years, Garcia has all but excluded Macapagal from any active role in government affairs.

Garcia had pledged to continue the policies and projects begun by Magsaysay, but his term of office has been marked by resurgence of graft and corruption in the government. The opposition has been quick to capitalize upon it.

To acknowledge the presence of graft and corruption is certainly not to insinuate that the government is once again in danger of being overthrown. It is still a very stable government, although Communist penetration into the country constitutes a threat. Nor is it to imply that the present situation is analagous to that which existed during the time of Quirino. These two points cannot be stressed enough. There are a good number of men in politics today who are sincerely, and with considerable effectiveness, fighting for the principles of good government and all that this implies. They are striving for the prosperity of their country along the lines that the democratic way of life points out to them.

The issues of the 1961 Presidential campaign are really quite simple. In fact, there is actually only one issue upon which everything else depends: the cleaning up of the government.

Macapagal and his Liberals say that the government is shot through with corruption and dishonesty, and it is high time that the Philippine voters did a thorough house-cleaning job. As proofs for their contentions they cite government scandals on the docks of Manila, government scandals in the tobacco fields of Northern Luzon, government scandals in resettlement projects, in dollar allocations, and in Japanese war reparations.

In contrast, Macapagal calls attention to his past record of public honesty, picturing himself as a man who comes from a background of poverty and yet has never used public office as an opportunity for enriching himself or his relations. He claims to understand and sympathize with the poor because he himself has actually experienced the pains of poverty. Garcia, he says, "has betrayed the poor," and Garcia's re-election will only prolong for another four years the reign of political bossism.

The platform of the Nacionalistas, the party in power, might strike the American ear as a bit strange. In the first place, the Nacionalistas do not deny the presence of self-seeking, dishonest politicians who are bent on enriching themselves; they claim that the prevalence of dishonesty has been vastly exaggerated by the Liberals. Within the last month or so, Garcia pulled a very shrewd political maneuver. A great hue and cry had been raised against the administration's suppression of a "White Paper," a report supposedly pointing out gross examples of corruption in government circles. When the excitement had finally reached the breaking point and the Liberals had thoroughly convinced themselves that the contents of this paper would prove devastating to the Nacionalista administration, Garcia permitted it to be published—some say in part only. The published version was an overwhelming disappointment to the Liberals.

Secondly, the present administration claims it is here and now taking action against corrupt officials; some have already been brought to trial or dismissed from office; with enough time, all of them will be eliminated from the government. The opposition counterattacks by asserting that only the small fry have been touched by this clean-up campaign, and that the big boys continue to flourish as usual.

Thirdly—perhaps the strongest point in this negative campaign, since it still lingers vividly in the memory of many people—the Nacionalistas point with great effectiveness to the record of the Liberal administration from 1946 to 1953, when corruption and dishonesty were at a peak.

What about the social and economic problems confronting the country—unemployment, rising crime rate, rising prices, uncollected taxes? Neither side seems to have presented a comprehensive, all-embracing solution to these ills. They seem to feel that the one basic problem is the need of a good house cleaning, and other questions cannot begin to be discussed until that has been done.

What will happen on November 14? One well-known columnist estimated that Garcia would win over Macapagal by a 55-per-cent to 45-per-cent ratio, since Garcia has the pork-barrel funds, the party and the machinery. Others would give Garcia even more favorable odds. But if the people are really fed up with Garcia, this columnist claims, Macapagal will win, apparently not because of his good qualities, but because of Garcia's bad ones. The *Asian Student* for October 7, 1961, reports that a recent poll conducted by the Princeton Research Council shows that 54 per cent of those interviewed favor Macapagal over Garcia.

If Garcia wins, will he really clean up the government? If Macapagal wins, will he be strong enough to clean up the government? Will either be able to cope with the growing threat of communism and to maintain the solid stability upon which good government is built? These are events that only the future will disclose, but Americans, in their concern for Africa, Berlin, Latin America and Laos, cannot afford to overlook their old friend in Asia, the Philippines.

America Balances Books for the Children

Selected and annotated by Ethna Sheehan

PICTURE BOOKS ABOUT PEOPLE

★**Christmas Is a Time of Giving**, by Joan W. Anglund (Harcourt, Brace & World. \$1.75). To a child Christmas means gifts and fun and soft prayers—and hope and love. Evocative sentences accompany the author-illustrator's imaginative and childlike pictures. Ages 3-7.

★ indicates an outstanding book.

What Do You Do, Dear?, by Sesyle Joslin, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Scott. \$2.75). Another book of hilarious and absurd problems in etiquette with the same kind of deadpan, anticlimactic "solutions" in pictures and words which made its predecessor *What Do You Say, Dear?* (Scott. 1958) beloved by children and adults. Ages 3-6.

The Happy Hunter, by Roger Duvoisin (Lothrop. \$2.75). Mr. Bobbin loved the outdoors, wanted the fun of owning a gun, but always found some way of forewarning his quarry. The author's woodsy illustrations add much to the affectionate humor. Ages 5-8.

When I Go to the Moon, by Claudia Lewis (Macmillan. \$3). Will I explore the craters? No indeed, I'll look back on the marvelous planet composed of much water and a little land which people call Earth. Rhythmic lines superimposed on Leonard Weisgard's pages of blues, greens and reds blend into one harmonious picture to entice the scientific as well as the imaginative child 5-8.

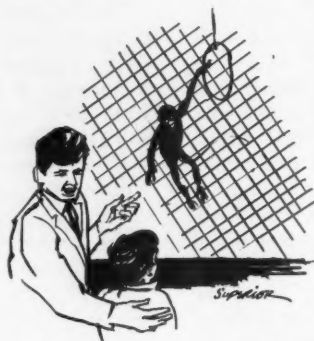
ANIMALS ON THE MOVE

Little Bear's Visit, by Else H. Minarik (Harper. \$1.95). The things Little Bear did and the stories he heard the day he visited his grandparents make an appealing "I-can-read" story, set off by Maurice Sendak's warm and humorous period illustrations. Ages 3-7.

Baby Elephant's Trunk, by Sesyle Joslin

(Harcourt, Brace & World. \$2.50). Mother Elephant teaches her fun-loving young son some useful French phrases in preparation for a visit to France. Leonard Weisgard's illustrations complete the droll appeal of this little book for ages 5-7.

Anatole Over Paris, by Eve Titus (Whittlesey. \$2.50). This brainy, brilliant and brave French mouse needs all his ingenuity to get his family back on the ground when they are carried over the rooftops on a kite. Paul Galdone's clever



illustrations are by now inseparable from the tales of this mouse-hero. This is the fourth story. Ages 6-8.

★**The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night**, illustrated by Peter Spier (Doubleday. \$2.95). Everyone knows this hoary folksong. It is an exhilarating experience to read or sing it here as the accompaniment to double-spread pictures with New England backgrounds and fall colors. Ages 3-6.

FAIRY TALE PICTURE BOOKS

★**Once a Mouse**, by Marcia Brown (Scribner. \$2.95). In striking jungle-hued woodcuts and brief lines of text this versatile artist-writer retells an ancient tale from India about a compassionate hermit and an ungrateful mouse. Ages 5-8.

The Three Wishes, illustrated by Paul Galdone (Whittlesey. \$2.50). Galdone takes Joseph Jacobs' version of this familiar theme of the wasted wishes and highlights its humor and aptness with illustrations full of character and wit. Ages 5-8.

The Tale of the Turnip, by Anita Hewett and Margery Gill (Whittlesey. \$2.50). A repetitive folktale, about a farmer who grew an enormous turnip which took the strength of the entire family to uproot, is expanded with humor and warmth in words and illustrations. Ages 6-8.

BOYS, GIRLS, ANIMALS— AND A SAINT

★**The Noble Doll**, by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Viking. \$3). Impoverished Doña Amalia was tempted to sell the doll which had been in the family for generations. Then little Luisa persuaded her mistress to appeal to the good Saint Francis by dressing the exquisite Rosita in a robe of penitential brown during the holy Christmas season. What followed was indeed a little miracle. A warm and touching story of Mexico, enhanced by Leo Politi's glowing double-spread pictures. Ages 7-10.

Angelino and the Barefoot Saint, by Valenti Angelo (Viking. \$2.75). Over in Italy a little boy was worried because the statue of Saint Anthony seemed to become sadder and sadder. Could his friend be cold sitting there in the garden with his feet bare? To think was to act. In return Saint Anthony wrought a little Christmas miracle for Angelino. Delightful atmosphere in style and illustrations for ages 8-10.

★**The Last Little Cat**, by Meindert DeJong, illustrated by Jim McMullan (Harper. \$2.75). The little cat spends a terrible night outdoors. In the morning a man claims it for a birthday present, and unwittingly brings back together the cat and the old blind dog from which it has been separated. Atmosphere and action blend here to make a memorable story for ages 8-10.

A Present From Petros, by Claire H. Bishop (Viking. \$2.50). A little American girl hires Petros' small donkey, and thus helps the entire family to weather a summer of privation. For this—and a more secret reason—the boy finds a way to give Susan a present which she will always retain as a unique souvenir of the island of Rhodes. Ages 8-11.

Guards for Matt, by Beman Lord (Walck. \$2.75). Matt insists that he can keep from breaking his glasses by wearing glass guards during basketball games. Mother has less expensive ideas, which prove not only embarrassing but futile. Finally Matt earns five dollars and spends it promptly in the sports store. For glass guards? A simple yarn with a very natural and likeable hero. Ages 7-9.

Kickapoo, by Miska Miles, illustrated by Wesley Dennis (Little, Brown. \$2.75). Howdie aimed to sell his mule and buy a pony for the Pony Express race at the rodeo. He reckoned without Kickapoo, who proved that he was the fastest as well as the funniest mule in Kansas and *could* outrun any pony if appealed to in the right way by the right person. Good fun for ages 8-11.

FAMILY DOINGS, ADVENTURE AND A TOUCH OF MYSTERY

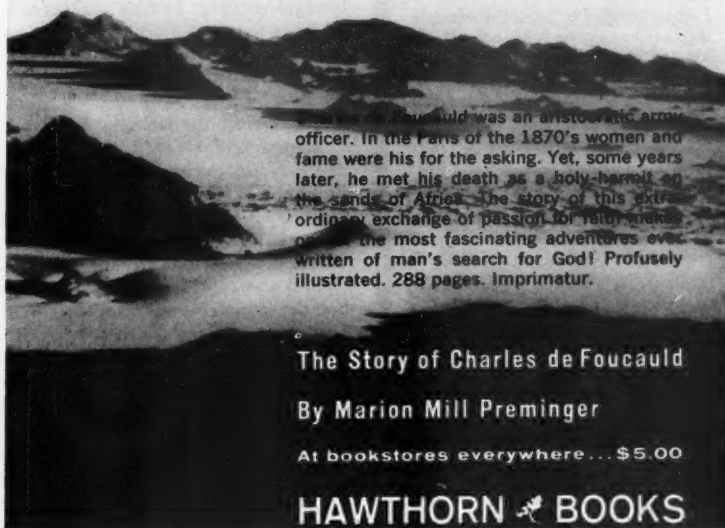
★ **Meg of Heron's Neck**, by Elizabeth Ladd (Morrow. \$2.75). Torn from her free and easy life on her indulgent stepbrother's boat, Meg rebels against discipline on her uncle's Maine farm. Her disagreeable temper, her deceitfulness, and her wildness test the patience and fundamental affection of her relatives. A very human little heroine for girls 9-11.

Cecelia's Locket, by Rita Shields (Longmans, Green. \$2.95). Life becomes exhilarating for this San Francisco girl of 1910 when the Luchettis move into the downstairs flat and fill it with children and music. This is a story of growth in understanding and affection between families of contrasting backgrounds, and it highlights Ceci's slow acceptance of her shy, undemonstrative stepmother. (Both families are unobtrusively Catholic, by the way.) Girls 8-10.

Kristi Comes Home, by Aili Konttinen (Coward-McCann. \$2.75). Kristi is sent back to her native Finland after years as a war-evacuee with a wealthy Swedish family. Her misery and loneliness, and her apathy toward her parents and brothers and sisters, make a pathetic story with appeal for adults as well as for girls 9-11.

Millie, by Bessie H. Heck (World. \$2.95). The Hollidays have always loyally accepted Papa's annual decision to move to another rented farm in Oklahoma. Now for the first time Millie has to fight resentment. For here she is, eleven years old, and it looks as though

The Sands of Tamanrasset



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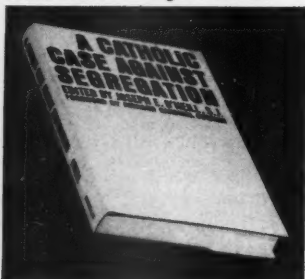
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A Stranger at Green Knowe, by L. M. Boston (Harcourt, Brace & World. \$3). Ping, a Chinese refugee boy, and Hanno, a gorilla from the Congo, meet first in the London zoo, and later spend happy hours together in the thicket at Green Knowe, where Hanno has sought refuge from his trackers. This poignant story has particular appeal for the sensitive child 9-12.

The Reb and the Redcoats, by Constance Savery (Longmans, Green. \$3.75). The Reb is a young American prisoner of war assigned to Captain Templeton; the Redcoats are the Captain's nephews and nieces who admire and pity their courageous enemy. Uncle Laurence's bitterness, and the Reb's frantic efforts to escape, form the core of this story of the American Revolution from an English viewpoint. Good atmosphere and characterization. Ages 9-12.

★ **Secret of the Tiger's Eye**, by Phyllis Whitney (Westminster. \$2.95). Odd and sinister things began happening the very day Benita and the two boys joined Aunt Persis' household in Cape Town. A well-constructed and thoroughly engrossing mystery story with emphasis on the atmosphere and critical social conditions of South Africa. Girls 10-13.

★ **The Mysterious Christmas Shell**, by Eleanor Cameron (Atlantic-Little,



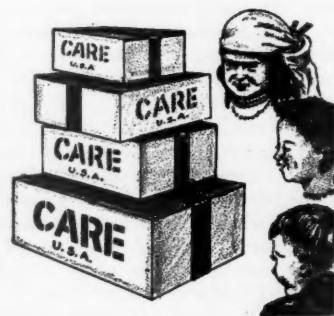
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ing on the Sanitary Commission draws down her father's disapproval, and her interest in John Camerlota of the Garibaldi Guard does nothing to improve matters until the young man's unmasking of a Civil War profiteer saves Mr. Morris' good name. Unobtrusive Catholic background, description of a circumscribed social milieu, and the introduction of an Italian-American hero all combine to make an appealing novel.

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able illustrations reflect the spirit of medieval life and faith. Ages 7-10.

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Wild Orphan, by Glen Rounds (Holiday. \$2.95). The foraging, instinctive dam-building and dangerous encounters of a solitary young beaver make an engrossing and beautifully written nature story for ages 9-12.

The Lost Dog, by Edwin Way Teale (Dodd, Mead. \$3). This dramatically told true story of a deaf-mute's search for a dog lost in the Oregon wilderness should prove sure-fire for ages 9-13. Paul Lantz' illustrations are strikingly appropriate and calculated to win the approval of all.

Electricity: A Book to Begin On, by Leslie Waller. Illustrated by Laszlo Roth (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$2.50). A very simple book which answers profound questions in logical sequence. Excellent for ages 7-10.

Man and Power, by Sprague de Camp, illustrated by Alton Tobey (Golden Press. \$4.95). An oversize book which dramatizes the story of man's efforts to harness different kinds of power. The pictures and diagrams (many of them copied from historical sources) contribute much to the value of the volume. Ages 9-13.

Navigation in the Jet Age, by Robert Wells (Dodd, Mead. \$3). The scientific techniques and equipment necessary for the operation of our jet aircraft, atomic-powered submarines and missiles make compelling and indeed awesome reading for ages 12-16.

PLACES AND PEOPLE

This is Venice, by M. Sasek (Macmillan. \$3). Once again this artist-writer

has pinpointed the unique charm of a great city. His *Venice* spills over with fun and atmosphere, and at the same time provides an amazing amount of capsule information. The pictures are, as usual, remarkable. Ages 7-adult.

My Village in Switzerland, by Sonia and Tim Gidal (Pantheon. \$3.50). A Swiss boy describes his daily work and play, tells about school, customs and history of his native land. Excellent photographs add to the appeal of this book for ages 8-11. One of a series about life in different countries.

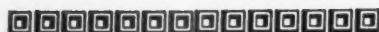
Made in the Middle Ages, by Christine Price (Dutton. \$3.75). Fascinating information about materials, objects and implements which made life in a medieval castle artistic and comfortable; and about the sacred vessels, carvings and paintings which made medieval churches so beautiful. Ages 9-14.

So Young a Queen, by Lois Mills (Lothrop. \$3). The romantic story of Jadwiga, born a Hungarian princess in the 14th century, who consented to give up her true love and to marry the dreaded Jagiello of Lithuania in the interests of peace, and thus brought him and his pagan nation into Christendom. The writing is oversimplified, but the book has atmosphere, and the character of the saintly but very human little queen is clear-cut. Ages 10-14.

Joseph the Huron, by Antoinette Bosco (Kenedy. \$2.50). Chiwatenwa, baptized Joseph by Father Jean de Brébeuf, became a saintly worker for the Church among his own people. His activities were crowned by a martyr's death. Fast-paced and solidly inspiring reading for ages 10-14.

His Own Good Daughter, by Virginia Newell (Longmans, Green. \$3.25). Subtitled *A Story of Sir Thomas More and His Family*, this is a reconstruction of the daily life of the More family, and points up the affection between the father and his talented and lovable daughter Margaret. The family's love for religion and learning is emphasized, and the book gives a good picture of social life in Henry VIII's London. There is little sustained narrative; much of the information is transmitted through conversations. For good readers 12-16.

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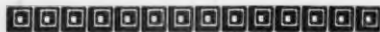
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★ *Saints of the Byzantine World*, by Blanche J. Thompson (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy Vision Books. \$1.95). Against the background of the early centuries of the Church in the East, the author portrays a gallery of men—and a few women—who, despite their austere and rigid lives, come through as very human and believable personalities. Good writing and excellent history for ages 10-14.

St. Jerome and the Bible, by George Sanderlin (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$1.95). After a somewhat uncertain start, the book settles down to an absorbing account of the life of this scholarly and hot-tempered saint. No space is wasted on legends; the account of Jerome's work and friendships is as readable as any fiction. Ages 10-14.

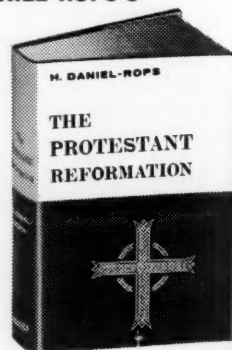
★ *The Book of the Twelve Apostles*, by Josef Quadflieg (Pantheon. \$3). This beautifully written book with its striking illustrations takes the reader from the calling of the apostles, through the travels and voyages, and ends with the martyrdoms which became the seed of the Church. Ages 9-13.

★ *The Way We Worship*, by Milton Lomask and Ray Neville (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$2.95). A discussion of the religious and historic significance of objects and vestments used in a Catholic church, and ceremonies employed in the celebration of Mass and the conferring of the sacraments. The photographs and drawings of buildings, statues and furniture are beautiful. It is unfortunate that the value of this fine book is impaired by the lack of an index. Ages 8-14.

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PARIS BLUES (*United Artists*). Plausibility is a quality that no movie should be entirely without. On the other hand, a certain amount of implausibility can be, and frequently is, overlooked provided a superior ingredient—artistic inspiration, perhaps—is present.

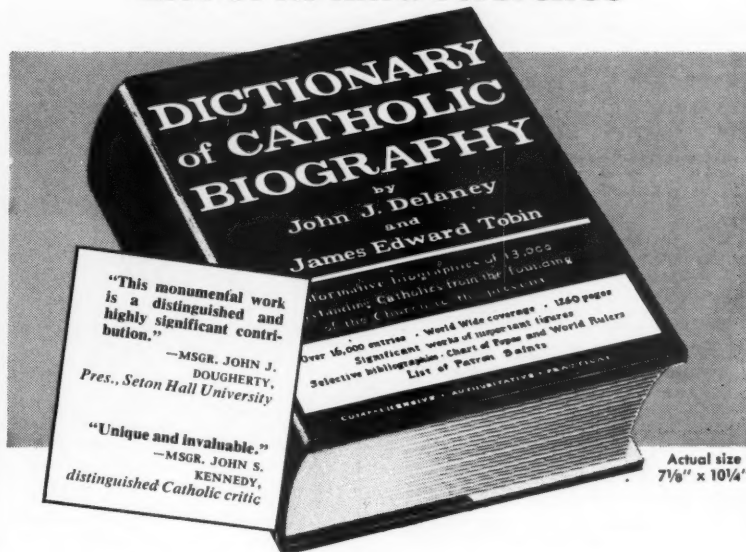
Paris Blues, however, deals implausibly with a situation which, given our present social structure, is so unlikely or, at least, atypical that the burden of proof is on the script writer to make the audience believe it.

The situation is a warm personal friendship between Negroes and whites. One of the film's examples—the comradeship between two American jazz musicians (Paul Newman, Sidney Poitier) living and working in Paris—is entirely believable. Presently, though, a quadrangle develops with the arrival of a pair of tourists (Joanne Woodward, Diahann Carroll) on vacation.

Miss Woodward is established to be a rather raffish divorcee with two small children back home, while Miss Carroll is a school teacher, militant in racial matters but a lady to her fingertips. Everything about this ill-assorted friendship cries aloud for explanation, especially why the Negro girl was keeping such bad company, but none is forthcoming.

With whom Miss Woodward left her children, where she got the money for the trip, why the pair traveled by boat when their time was drastically limited and other unexplained practical details keep tossing roadblocks between the audience and the story line. As a result, a film which was presumably trying to

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improve race relations is much likelier to give them a setback instead.

I can say, this time without fear of error or contradiction, that the picture, photographed in black and white, was made on location in Paris. Also, it contains several high-class jazz sessions, one of them featuring Louis Armstrong. [L of D: B]

SUSAN SLADE (*Warner*) is a lushly mounted Technicolor soap-opera variation on the theme of an adolescent sexual misstep. There is such total and blissful ignorance of what makes the world go round that it is frequently quite funny.

The misstepping adolescent (Connie Stevens) is the daughter of a mining engineer (Lloyd Nolan). She allows herself to be overpersuaded by a mountain-climbing socialite (Grant Williams) on the boat bringing herself and her family from a ten-year sojourn in the Chilean nitrate fields.

Naturally, the heroine is supposed to be a nice girl. The excuse advanced for her lapse from virtue is that she had an abnormally sheltered upbringing back in the mountains.

Apparently nobody ever told writer-director Delmer Daves that Americans with high-level overseas jobs go home regularly on extended leaves, or that their children are sent back to the States to boarding school and tend to be more rather than less sophisticated than their domestically reared contemporaries. For that matter, nobody ever told him that the boats plying the West Coast of South America are functional freighters, not luxury liners.

Having juggled one set of premises wildly to get the heroine pregnant in the first place, Daves juggles another set to kill off the prospective father (who really loved the girl and would have married her) on Mount McKinley before he can be told the news.

At this point the author's misdirected inventiveness shifts into high gear. He dispatches the closely knit little family to the depopulated regions of Guatemala, where daughter can have her baby and mother (Dorothy McGuire) can pretend to the world that it is hers.

Mother-love being what it is, the heroine cannot stand calling her son her brother. In fact, she finally separates the man from the boy among her subsequent suitors (Troy Donahue, Bert Convy) by telling the truth. Before this, the plot boils over in several other directions. The father dies of a heart condition he has gamely concealed; his millionaire employer (Brian Aherne) and his wife (Natalie Schaefer) keep being

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

LAS	Arts and Sciences	G	Graduate School	M	Medicine	SF	Sister Formation
AE	Adult Education	HS	Home Study	Mu	Music	Sp	Speech
A	Architecture	ILL	Institute of	N	Nursing	Sy	Seismology Station
C	Commerce		Languages and	P	Pharmacy	T	Theatre
D	Dentistry		Linguistics	PT	Physical Therapy	AROTC	Army
DH	Dental Hygiene	IR	Industrial Relations	RT	Radio-TV	NROTC	Navy
Ed	Education	J	Journalism	S	Social Work	AFROTC	Air Force
E	Engineering	L	Law	Sc	Science		
FS	Foreign Service	MT	Medical Technology				

F-10

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too, too patronizing (though the script keeps calling it real friendship); and the baby sets himself on fire playing with matches.

Unintentionally comic though the film is, it is hard to laugh at it. One feels too sorry for the capable veteran performers who allowed themselves to get mixed up in it. [L of D: A-III]

MOIRA WALSH



KWAMINA (54th Street). Although the season opened barely two months ago, Broadway has already been deluged with musical shows. While all are pukka musicals, your reviewer's choice is Robert Alan Aurthur's drama of interracial and intratribal conflicts in an anonymous, recently decolonized nation in West Africa. The date of independence has been set. Native leaders are ready to take over, and the ruling whites are preparing to get out, although some of them choose to stay.

One who prefers to stay is a white woman, an M.D., daughter of missionaries who had spent most of their lives in Africa. She was born in Africa and feels that she is as much African as the most indigenous tribesman.

It happens that Kwamina, son of the chief, returns from Europe on the eve of independence after ten years of education in college and medical school.

Familiar with tribal folk ways, the white doctor has played along with the tribal witch man, allowing him to believe that his incantations and lizard's gizzards effected cures that were really the result of her hypodermics and pills. Kwamina refuses to co-operate with the witch doctor's mumbo-jumbo. Then, after first-sight antagonism, white and colored doctors fall in love. They run headlong into white racialism and tribal tradition.

While *Kwamina* is a poignant drama, or rather, two poignant dramas, the love story and tribal conflicts are spliced rather than mortised in the play. The result is that the attention of the audience is divided between parallel stories, a contingency an experienced playwright would have avoided. The dichotomy inevitably confuses an audience which, like the majority of New York theatre-

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goers, has no foreknowledge of African history or customs.

The direction by Robert Lewis pulls the production into a semblance of unity that is immediately weakened by Agnes De Mille's exciting dances, which would be more enjoyable if they were shorter. Sally Ann Howes, Terry Carter, Brock Peters and Ethel Ayler submit commendable performances. Richard Adler's music and lyrics, the setting by Will Steven Armstrong and the costumes by Motley are a big help to Mr. Aurthur's disjointed script.

Aside from its obvious defects in writing and production, *Kwamina* is the most beautiful and edifying music drama of the season.

SAIL AWAY (*Broadhurst*) is second-shelf Noel Coward, saved from dullness by Elaine Stritch.

FROM THE SECOND CITY (*Royale*) is an intimate revue that spoofs people and things currently in the public consciousness, from the situation in Laos to conditions in West Germany, literature, Hollywood and Barry Goldwater. Its barbs are sharp but good-natured.

AN EVENING WITH YVES MONTAND (*Golden*). Mr. Montand diverts his audience with mimicry and songs, mainly in French. A very pleasant evening, indeed.

LET IT RIDE (*Eugene O'Neill*). Millions of TV fans do not have to be told that George Gobel with his sly, excuse-me-please style, is one of the top comedians of the entertainment world. Veteran theatregoers remember Sam Levene as a versatile performer, equally competent in comic or serious role. In *Let It Ride* Gobel and Levene are, as astrologers would say, in conjunction. The result is an old-fashioned musical comedy overflowing with laughs.

The focal character in *Let It Ride*, which is based on the 1935 comedy *Three Men On A Horse*, is one Erwin, a writer of greeting cards who studies racing charts while commuting from suburbia to his job in New York, picking winners as a diversion. His choices, by luck or extrasensory perception, are at least 90-per-cent right. He is not a gambling man, however, and never bets on his selections. He is practically kidnapped by a pair of Damon Runyon characters, who offer him a split of the winnings from his uncanny predictions. But the minute money is involved, Erwin's guesses begin to go wrong.

Reviewer's Manual, article 1, rule b, forbids your observer to reveal any

more of the plot. Anyway, oldsters who saw the original comedy already know it. It's a hilarious caper, either straight or with music.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS



In its very first pronouncements, the gospel preaching does not really appeal as true. For it teaches a God that is man, the death of Christ, the scandal of the cross. Compare a doctrine of this kind with the confident statements of philosophers, and their fine books, and their splendid eloquence . . . (St. Jerome, on the Gospel for the 26th Sunday after Pentecost).

STURDY OLD St. Jerome is explaining why the kingdom of heaven, which is the Church, and which, therefore, in its beginnings is the preaching of the gospel, should be like a grain of mustard seed, seeing that of all seeds, none is so little. Like Paul before him, Jerome freely admits that yes, the gospel teaching at first hearing is not very impressive, is apt, indeed, to seem rather mean and shabby and naive. This easy concession catches us later Christians off guard; it puzzles and (to speak truth) annoys us. We think: what's wrong with sublime doctrines like the Incarnation, the redemptive death, the sacrifice of Calvary? We have forgotten, of course, the particular world-mood, the *Zeitgeist*, that Paul and Jerome and the others were confronting. And so we cannot be aware that their problem has surprising relevance for our own day with its own climate of thought or opinion.

In the Greco-Roman culture that made the world of Paul and even of Jerome, the professional intellectual was an object of awe. That was a time in which a heavy proportion of any population might be slave, and a heavier proportion illiterate. We hear constantly that the first Christian apostles preached rather than wrote, and there may be a number of reasons for that indubitable fact. Now, among the intellectuals then the boss-men were the professional philosophers; next to them, and almost as admired, stood the rhetoricians.

It would certainly appear, even if we were to judge by the Pauline aggrava-

tion alone, that the philosophers and rhetoricians of that pseudosophisticated time were fancy Dans with a vengeance. The philosophizing was elaborate, politely skeptical, semimystical, in a word, pretentious. The rhetoric in which the philosophy came dressed was as polished and stylized as a minuet. Into that mannered world Paul came striding with a shout: *what we preach is Christ crucified*. Is it any wonder that Paul must immediately add: *to the Jews a discouragement, to the Gentiles, mere folly*?

The years and the centuries have multiplied. The philosophers, since the psychologists walked out on them, now talk pretty much to themselves and to one another, and the rhetoricians, we are assured, have been sent to stand in a corner, covered, presumably, with shame. The boss-men now are the scientists.

And yet—have the intellectual skies changed as much as we might suppose? Certain it is, at any rate, that not a few scientists today show exactly the characteristic that irritated Jerome in his philosophers. They are so *confident*!

It seems now that the human structure is a lamentable failure. We all ought to be ashamed of ourselves. In the course of the evolutionary zigzagging, some brainless ancestor (a rhetorician, a second lieutenant, a scientist?) undoubtedly zigged when he should have zagged, with the sad results which we must now look upon with only two crummy eyes when we might have had a hundred eyes to see with. What a crying shame it is that we must all stand miserably on two inadequate platforms called feet and must laboriously make our poor way around on only two legs! It ain't right, as a learned man of science might remark. When one looks at the speedy centipede and the functional spider and even the claiming plater—that's a technical term, professor—that can do six panels in one-ten and change on a fast track, one can scarce restrain the salt tears of frustration and envy.

Well—the breezy confidence of some in the scientific community goads some of the rest of us to a certain confidence, too. We are confident that man is the way he is because that's the way God made him. We are confident and in fact sure, simply on the record, that man has done tolerably well, one way and another, with the equipment he has. And we are absolutely confident that this marvelous body, the dwelling place of this immortal soul, will one day rise from its ashes to shame by its unearthly splendor all its mean and miserable detractors.

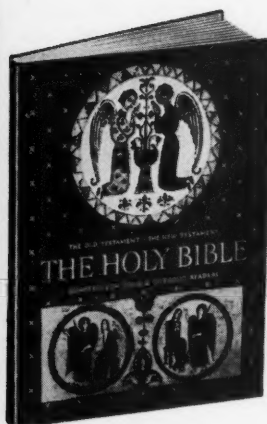
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